

THE GLEANER



DECEMBER, 1926

JOHN S. BAILEY

GENERAL
CONTRACTOR

Doylestown, Penna.

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Official Organ of the Student Body
Entered at The Farm School Post Office as second class matter.
Subscription, \$2.00 per year.

VOL. XXVI

DECEMBER, 1926

No. 4

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*“Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes,
And prudent in their own sight!”*

ISAIAH, 5th Chapter.

IF WE are to take this quotation literally, and well we may, we are indeed headed for a downfall. It seems as though we give no thought to our many imperfections, but rather are blinded by the glamour of present triumphs.

In our efforts to "extoll ourselves above the heights," we have knowingly injured ourselves by overlooking our shortcomings. We have even gone so far as to disguise our faults in our efforts to appear flawless.

The present attitude in most all of our activities, is not working for the ideals and benefit of the school, but taking part in those activities for the personal gain which can be derived from them in the line of privileges and prestige.

In so doing we have directly harmed ourselves; for, after all, there is but one way to attain our desired perfection, and that is to be sensible to our faults, and by supplying the much needed remedy—a change in attitude.

I. A. W., '27.



CARL P. GREEN, '28

Our Johnsonian Era

IN THE early pages of Macaulay's essay on the Life of Samuel Johnson, one comes across the following two very interesting passages: "Never since literature became a calling in England had it been a less gainful calling than at the time when Johnson took up his residence in London."—"Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public."

Upon carefully reading these lines I was inclined to believe that we have reached such a stage, and that the lines of Macaulay may well read, "Never since the GLEANER became the official organ of the Student Body, had it become a less supported organ than at the time the present staff took up its editing." "THE GLEANER has ceased to flourish under the support of a few sincere contributors, and has not yet begun to flourish under the support of the entire student body."

Knowing the above predicament to be such, the staff is earnestly endeavoring to remedy this condition, so that they may still be undergraduates when THE GLEANER shall have attained the standing meant for such a paper. However, they alone cannot accomplish this; it is up to you to cooperate with the staff.

As our athletic achievements voice our physical prowess, and our social activities are the bywords of our progress, so our GLEANER is the mouthpiece of our intellectual development. How long are we to be silent? How long are we to remain in this intellectual Johnsonian Era of indifference?

C. P. G., '28.

Carl Campus on the Field, or Fighting With Grit

By HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

CHAPTER I

“**R**AH, Rah, Rah, look at that flying tackle.” Down went the man with his feet tangled in the arms and legs of our hero, Carl Campus. It was only practice; but he showed wonderful possibilities, could he but develop his abilities.

It was his second year at the D. W. C. High School, but it was the first in which he had ever shone as a gridiron figure. He had tried out for the team feeling rather doubtful as to his capabilities, but Coach Sleumas detected some good material in him and had given him a position on the scrub team.

Thus far Carl had been extremely successful in whatever branch of athletics he had entered. Many of his doings along the track line have been chronicled in the first volume of this series, entitled “Carl Campus on the Track,” or “For the Glory of the School.” With the coming of the season for out-door sports, baseball had been on his mind from morning to night. What thrilling contests he partook in and what results he helped achieve in that game can be found in another volume of this series, “Carl Campus Pitcher,” or “The Boys of D. W. C. on the Diamond.” And now, with the day of the first football game against his school’s ancient rival, Sque-dunk High School, approaching nearer and nearer, Campus had determined that given the chance to play, he would try his level best to uphold the reputation his beloved school had thus far achieved in all inter-high school athletics.

Anyone watching his tactics could not help but observe how, with energy, will,

and yet reasonable thought, he went into each fray. Nothing discouraged him and Coach Sleumas noted with obvious satisfaction Campus’ good efforts. The Coach was a man of few words, so all he said regarding our hero was, “Well, the boy might have his chance this Saturday. All I can say is that I never saw a quicker halfback in my life, and when it comes to tackling, Carl Campus does not know what fear is. The only reason he is on the scrub team is because he is new and a bit too forward, whereas the varsity halfback is an old-timer in good standing.”

CHAPTER II

Came the game. Campus, sitting in line with the scrub team, watched each play intensely and perhaps a bit eagerly. He told himself over and over again as the first quarter was being brought to an end, that he wished no harm to the players in action, but nevertheless he knew himself to be waiting in expectation for someone to weaken so that he might be permitted to play in the next quarter. The blood of fight was in his veins; it thrilled him and at the same time irked him to sit so useless when he could be on the field fighting for his school.

The second and third quarters passed like the first. He entreated the Coach to let him play, but to no avail. The back-field was playing excellently and a touch-down has been scored. His men were still comparatively strong and there were no grounds for a substitution. He thought there was some hope for him when Holand, the right halfback, seemed hurt in the first quarter, but he rose to his feet and continued the game. It was

after that accident that Squedunk scored her touchdown, making an even score of 6-6.

With a bitter sense of disappointment he watched the last quarter begin. Captain Slovin of Squedunk posed motionless awaiting the referee's signal, and as its shrill whistle broke the solemn stillness, he ran forward and the next moment his shoe had made a dent in the yellow pigskin. Off it sailed to land in the willing arms of Holand, the halfback, who instantly shot forward with the ball like a bullet from a gun. He hit the line full squarely, attempting to pass through the center and guard and the next instant had disappeared amidst a confused mass of struggling players. A great cloud of dust finally settled down to a solid mass of bodies. Then as each man was taken off every breath was hushed. A mighty stillness hung over the field as all eyes were riveted upon the inert figure of the plucky but unfortunate halfback.

Carl's heart skipped a beat as he heard his name called by the Coach to substitute; as he trotted out to the field he tried to quiet his nervousness. But once in position he forced a calmness over himself and centered his every nerve and fibre upon the game before him. Both teams braced themselves for the attack which they knew would soon come. And it did come. The opposing team had the ball and the D. W. C. line wavered and tottered under the smashing impact, but it held and Squedunk was hurled back for a slight loss. The strain was beginning to tell on Campus' fellow players, and bit by bit they were forced back to within fifteen yards of the enemy's goal.

With a determination born of desperation, the team rallied and when the referee announced that only two minutes were left for play, our hero decided to put his last ounce of energy and skill

in the struggle to prove himself, and aid his school. His side was on the offensive, and the quarterback called an off-tackle play with Carl Campus carrying the ball. The maneuver worked. Into the line he went, Smash! Bang! Through the hole made by his interference he rushed at a tremendous speed with head lowered and mind working furiously. Nothing could stop him. Somehow his interference had vanished and he was left alone to make his tortuous way through the enemy. Once he was tackled, but he shook his man off and running onward he turned abruptly to the left to evade another. He was within two yards of the goal posts. His breath came in hoarse gasps, and as he neared the white line he felt his leg stopped short by a flying tackle from the rear. He saw himself headed directly for one of the goal posts and then everything went blank. . . .

* * *

He became aware of a dull, far-away, continuous rumble. His ears were dinning and he couldn't imagine what it was. A sudden coolness helped him recall his faculties and he moved uneasily into a sitting posture. He saw the enthusiastic mob pressing eagerly about him, and then he felt himself transplanted upon the shoulders of his schoolmates. Disregarding his weak protests they paraded our modest hero out of the field. The last he heard as he went off was the already familiar chant, "Yay! Campus! Campus! Campus!"

* * *

In the next volume of this interesting series, entitled "Carl Campus at the Basket," or "The Invincible Five," the reader will read of the thrills that accompany our young athlete as a star player on the D. W. C. Basketball Team.

The Spirit of Sport

WORTHWORDS

Did I get you right, just what did you say?

Huh, so you think that all sports are the bunk;

*What, you think that no good can be gotten from play,
And football and such are all junk?*

Now listen here brother, just get me straight,

I'll prove that you're wrong every time.

*Believe me, the blow of the whistle is great,
And there's nothing like buckin' the line.*

Remember the fellow called Sandy at School?

*He and I went together you know;
Some said he was yellow and called him a fool,
But I knew that the case wasn't so.*

We were playing the final game of the year,

*The score favored us six to five;
Every play that we tried the opponent would smear,
They came on like bees from a hive.*

Our captain was injured, then they got the ball.

*Gosh, the bottom fell out of the cup;
The odds were against us, we couldn't win at all,
Then Coach said to Sandy, "Warm up."*

Now Sandy was yellow and weak as a cur,

*As he ran to his place, left half.
The lips on the sidelines all showed a slur*

For they thought that he couldn't stand the gaff.

A minute to go, and the fellows were dead,

*Our goal line was two yards away;
For four downs we held them, as heavy as lead.*

And Sandy mussed up every play.

We kicked out of danger, the whistle was blown,

*The rooters were throwing a fit;
We all had fought hard, but the hero who shone*

Was the one whom they said had no grit.

They said he was yellow, I guess they were right,

*Away from all danger he ran;
But the game gave him courage, the game gave him fight,
And he came out a fighter, a man.*

Now you see why I said that your line is all rot,

*This story shows just what I mean,
For sport is the place where you show what you've got
And the spirit of sport is play clean.*

Disillusion

“**L**AST Call for Dinner in the Dining Car,” sang the porter. “Last call.” “Eh, oh, all right, thanks.” Rising slowly, Arnold Pierce shook himself from his reverie and sauntered towards the diner. Arnold, a good-looking chap of about twenty-three, was just returning home after an absence of four years, during which time he had studied at an Eastern engineering college. To say that he had studied for four years would have been a gross injustice to the school. Instead, he had dreamed of the time that he would become famous and have a right to THE girl. These dreams were invariably followed by spurts of study and energetic working. “Queer” the girls had termed him. “Eccentric” according to his professors. But merely “Love-sick” termed the wise seniors. “Love-sick” was putting it mildly; he was “coocoo” from his moustache down to his neat No. 9’s over his “Blue-eyed, blond-haired Gwendolyn,” as he termed her.

He had been reliving the time just before leaving for school, and the recollections were very pleasant. He wondered if Gwendolyn was still waiting for him. True, no word had been mentioned in their four-year correspondence, but Arnold was hoping and dreaming. . .

During his coffee he remembered how Gwen had kissed him. This was a favorite delight to him and he allowed himself this pleasure on certain occasions only. True, it had not been a particularly loving kiss, but, nevertheless, SHE had kissed him, and that was all that counted. He loved her devotedly and wholeheartedly as only a boy can, with his first love. Whether or not she reciprocated

his love is very doubtful, because if anybody mentioned it to her, she would remark in a rather bored fashion, “Oh, but Arnie is just a kid, you know.” That had been the only fly in his ointment. He smiled rather grimly as he thought what the four years had done to him. Besides a moustache he had been seriously thinking of affecting a cane, but common sense broke through his egotistical desire to become a man overnight, and it was with reluctance that he dropped the idea. There was no getting away from the fact that he was no longer a “kid” because honest manliness showed through his every line.

As he sat in his comfortable chair watching the miles speeding by he seemed to be contained in a spell of absolute physical comfort, and his mind seemed detached from himself. Through the smoke screen of his cigar he once more built castles in the air, rosy, far-off dreams that seemed so near and yet so far. Once more he saw Gwen and himself embraced in holy wedlock.

* * *

Arriving home he was overjoyed at his reception, and after solemnly swearing the family to secrecy he gravely told them his plans—his dreams—his hopes, and then in a tremulous voice he asked the whereabouts of his sweetheart, Gwen.

At this minute the doorbell rang and without waiting for an invitation the door opened and in trooped a crowd of young folk. They congratulated him and questioned him regarding his future. These queries he answered in a halting voice and with flushed face, while his eager

(Continued on page 28)

Operati Per Lunam

FRANK STONITSCH, '28

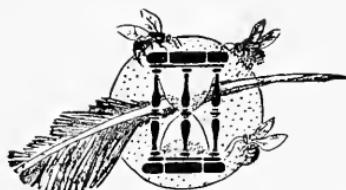
ON THE swift wings of time another day waned. The streets and byways, whose shadowy nooks nurtured the happy ones when the sun diffused his golden shower upon the world, stood in loneliness, cheered only by the light of the blinking gas lamps. Within that shuttered attic window, lulled to sleep by her mother's soothing cradle song, repose the little girl whose weary limbs could romp no longer. Beyond the region of the street lamp the shoe-shop, whose windows had been tightly closed, latched and shuttered, was embalmed in the deep shades of darkness. No longer was the tap-tap of the cobbler's hammer heard. This surgeon of bad soles, too, like the little girl in yon attic, had his day. The world was sleeping in profound darkness.

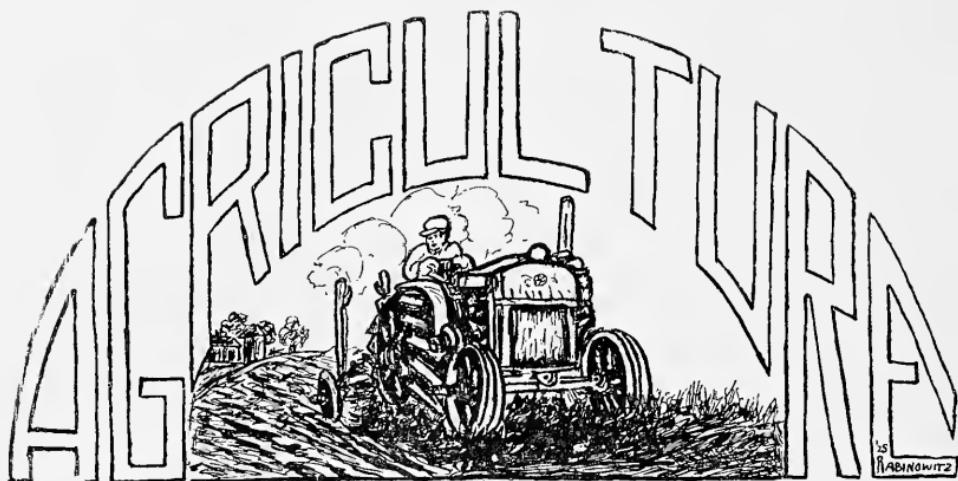
Even the pool room, that rendezvous of idlers and drones, was shrouded in a Stygian blackness, that resembled midnight in a medieval dungeon. Suddenly the majestic silence was broken. A bell rived the air when the district policeman sent word to headquarters that all was well. After the door of the signal box was locked, he yawned, stretched his robust frame and vanished into the gloom of an alley. It was the witching hour of night. The robin with his mate in

melody, and rosy-fingered dawn yielded to his vanquisher, the owl. His hoots did not seem to break that sacred silence but added to the gloom and mystery of the world. Not a leaf, not a branch nor grass-blade stirred. The sable-vested night poured forth a premonition that seemed to drape over the murky and melancholy world, for through the nocturnal air there came undulating waves of weird feeling. The drooping trees sent forth no whisper. All was still and silent.

Near the turning of the street the jewelry store stood, sending forth sparkles and myriad colors that gems alone possess. Diamonds, pink, blue, and white, glistened in the dull light of a solitary lamp. Pearls, minutely arranged upon purple velvet, gleamed like little stars in the black heavens. Suddenly a shadow, bobbing up and down, darted forth and snatched something off the ground; a crash! broken glass, and off it sped into a dark alley and was gone.

Few, but witching and awful are the incidents of night. It is, indeed, a strange world we live in; some people perform their duty by the light of the sun; and while these, wearied by their efforts are traveling in their train of dreams, the others are doing their work by the friendly light of the moon and stars.





SAM PRICE, '27

THE farms report that, despite the poor summer months, all the crops are in much better shape than was expected. With good weather during the month of September the corn had a chance to mature before the frost got it. All the corn is shocked and well on its way to being husked.

The Main Barn did not receive a very good crop from its eleven acres of potatoes. The average yield was approximately 100 bushels per acre. Three of the sows littered heavily, and both mothers and progeny received a dose of hog cholera anti-toxin. The horses, with the exception of Dan, are ready to rest for the winter. Dan was suffering from a heart attack, but, due to the noble efforts of Messrs. Holloway and Zolotor, the poor horse will live to suffer through another year.

At No. 1 there is a smugness that will not be found anywhere else. No wonder, with all their work done and the stork leaving them twin calves for the second time this year, they can afford to smile. All Fall plowing is done and they are now helping No. 6 husk their corn.

With the help received Armistice Day, No. 5 is well on its way with the corn. Katz and Schiff are now working hard to get through by Thanksgiving. The corn is yielding higher than last year but is not as good quality as last year, due to the rain. The barns and stock are in their usually fine condition.

No. 6 with its broad expanse of 72 acres of corn has almost finished husking. The Dairy took 60 acres of it to fill the silo. Thirty acres were plowed and seeded to wheat. As Semel explains it, they have only 50 more acres to plow. No 1 squad is helping them and they should be the second farm to finish with their work.

With 340 tons of No. 6's corn in the silo the cows at the Dairy are coming up in production every day. We wish to congratulate Mr. Wing, the new Dairy Instructor, for the good condition and appearance of the barns.

"Terrible, terrible," says the weeping Hurwitz. The honey flow was practically nil, and all our labor gone for naught. Because of the poor summer the bees had little or no opportunity to seek

honey, and consequently, the production was low. However, better results are expected next year. The bees are in fine condition to withstand the winter.

As you all know the "Pillars of Study Hall" took complete possession of No. 3 after the departure of Silver. With Fats Berick and Handsome Joe Dornbusch giving out orders things are running along smoothly. The corn is all husked and the wheat is already sowed for next year. All they are waiting for now is the icing season.

No. 4 is coming through in fine shape with their crops. They have just received 17 new heifers, and with their horses, dogs, cats, and pigeons, they have a great family. Much interest is being shown in Bee-zer, the family dog, who walks around with a knowing look on her face.

"Irish Mac" Silver, who is leading No. 8 along the rosy path of success, has an organization all of his own. He is using the psychology system in getting the corn husked. Everything worth doing at No. 8 is done.

With all their apples and vegetables in, the Horticulture Department is sitting on top of the world. All the crops were unusually good this year with a few exceptions. Everybody is breathlessly anticipating that order which has become famous in Farm School. Soon the day will arrive when it will sound forth loud and clear. Mr. Purnell will rise, and after clearing his throat, will issue that mighty order, "Prun the Shutts."

With all the prospects of a successful crop in view, the flowers at the greenhouses were attacked by an army of insects. However, with a great deal of spraying and syringing they pulled out of the hole, and had a better stand of mums than the greenhouse ever produced. The carnations are of a sturdy stock and are resplendent in their colors of red,

white and pink. Our snap-dragons are just coming in and are away above par. Much work is being done in the propagation of geraniums and all bulb plants. Our orange tree is progressing, and we expect to furnish the kitchen with oranges in about fourteen years.

From the brooder to the laying houses and breeding pens is the tale of some two thousand birds. About nineteen hundred pullets were put in the laying houses by the end of October, and are now doing credit to themselves and the Farm School strain by their production of eggs.

The breeders, 750 in number, consist of cocks, cockerals and hens. They are ready for a good season and should produce eggs galore for the spring incubation. The surplus cockerals were sold for broilers and brought in good prices. 1700 were disposed in this way. 12 tons of mangles were harvested and should bolster up egg production throughout the winter.

Because of the lack of room the brooder is now being used for a laying house for some of the pullets.

At the Doylestown Fair the Poultry Department showed its stuff by winning seven prizes.

At last the Landscape Department can breathe more easily. No more lawns to cut.

A shrub border was made around Eisner Hall. All varieties in the school were used and so blended that they will be in flower in early spring and last out the summer.

The two shrub plantings at the entrance to Ullman Hall were taken out and replaced by large Japanese Barbaries. The maples were planted closer to the flower beds and farther away from the walks, so that their beauty can more easily be seen. Two Koster Blue Spruce and two

(Continued on page 30)



HARRY BACHMAN, '27

AT THE Football Banquet held on Friday evening, October 1st, 1926, a sincere appreciation of our athletics was given by Louis A. Hirsch, a member of our Board, in the form of an Athletic Prize.

The award, the first of its kind at National Farm School, is a valuable prize to be given to the best athlete each year, who for that year, has shown the highest scholastic standing. The prize will be awarded at the graduation exercises.

Much credit should be given to our versatile leader in athletics, Coach Samuels, who has worked hard for the promotion of athletics in this school. Within our walls we have the material for teams that should leave a record to be proud of. Mr. Hirsch has added to the Spirit of Athletics, by awarding his annual prize.

National Farm School has emerged from a football season resplendent with victories and athletic success. We have attained the pinnacle of athletic supremacy in more than one sense of the word—we are champions in competition and leaders in clean play.

To those fellows who do not play, I would say that there is an important part for every one of them to carry out—that is, to lend his support. Remember, fellows, the team is fighting for you. Back it up. The part we must perform is not difficult. Let us only continue to do that which we have so commendably done heretofore!

Determine to win! Determination brings success.

H. B. TRICHON, '29.

FARM SCHOOL SHOWS PUNCH

BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY,
October 2, 1926.

Farm School ushered its 1926 football season into the limelight with a well-earned victory over the strong Bordentown Military Institute at Bordentown, to the tune of 16-0. Although the day was warm for football, Farm School showed itself to advantage throughout the four quarters. Its goal was never in danger.

The game started with Bordentown Military Institute kicking off and Farm School returning the ball to their own forty-yard line. Two first downs were made in rapid succession, but Bordentown Military Institute held and Farm School lost the ball on downs.

No scoring was done in the first half.

The second half found Farm School in a fighting mood. Led by Captain Lynch, they literally swept the enemies off their feet.

O'Rourke, who replaced Strang during the second quarter, started the fireworks towards the first touchdown by returning a punt 25 yards. Cowen then hit the line for 10 yards and Hoguet took it across for Farm School's first touchdown. Lynch kicked the goal for the extra point. Score, National Farm School, 7; Bordentown Military Institute, 0.

The second touchdown was made when a series of line plunges brought the ball to the twenty-yard line, and then Lynch crossed Bordentown's goal with a neat end-around-end play. He also kicked the goal for the extra point. Score, National Farm School, 14; Bordentown Military Institute, 0.

The other two points were scored when Farm School blocked an attempted Bordentown punt behind the goal line and then tackled the man behind the goal line for two points.

Stonitsch calling signals for the first time, made a wonderful job of it. Cowen's and Hoguet's superior line plunging were easily the outstanding features of the game.

The students attending the game en masse, coupled with the snappy National Farm School Orchestra, certainly did much to enliven the team. Keep it up, fellows, Bangor High next.

Line-up:

B. M. I.	N. F. S.
Kiaser.....	left end.....(Capt.) Lynch
Smith.....	left tackle.....Levin
Mangano.....	left guard.....Rosen
Curtis.....	center.....Lipman
Stone.....	right guard.....Bernhard
Tunnell.....	right tackle.....Friefield
Holmes (Capt.).....	right end.....Elliott
Ekins.....	quarterback.....Stonitsch
Drake.....	left halfback.....Strang
Cooper.....	right halfback.....Hoguet
Holloway.....	fullback.....Cowen

Substitutes: National Farm School—O'Rourke, Tunnick, Myers, Stuhlman, Semel, Bachman, Roseman, Friedland, Eckstein, Tuchman, Fidelgoltz.

Bordentown Military Institute—Slaybock, Bairer, Lawrence, Pillechia, Mersheimer, Lewis, Alexander.

Referee—Markado (Penn.).

Umpire—Weaver (F. & M.).

Touchdowns—Lynch, Hoguet, Safety, Friefield. Points after touchdown, Lynch (2).

FARM SCHOOL RUNS WILD

At Home: Farm School scored its second victory of the season by handing the Bangor High School a severe setback to the tune of 60-0.

It was a runaway, characterized mainly by splendid gains on the part of Hoguet and Cowen, who seemed to gain ground at will. Cowen made four of the touchdowns. Lipman, at center for National Farm School, broke through and made tackle after tackle, besides intercepting

an attempted Bangor pass, and paving the way for one of the many touchdowns. Horwitz, the veteran half-back, playing the first game of the season, thrilled the crowd with repeated thirty and forty-yard dashes. Elliott made one of the best catches ever seen at Farm School, and ran forty yards for a touchdown.

Coach Samuels gradually substituted the entire second team, but the points kept mounting, bringing the score at the close, to an even 60-0.

Line-up:

B. H. S.	N. F. S.
Roche.....	left end.....Lynch (Capt.)
Delgirosso.....	left tackle.....Levin
Buitti.....	left guard.....Myers
Mazzo.....	center.....Lipman
Christine.....	right guard.....Bernhard
Ronch.....	right tackle.....Rosen
Coy.....	right end.....Elliott
Cassacavio.....	quarterback.....Stonitsch
Eisenhard.....	left halfback.....Horwitz
Swigilo.....	right halfback.....Hoguet
May.....	fullback.....Cowen

Substitutes: N. F. S.—Levine, Bachman, Friefeld, Fidelgoltz, Strang, O'Rourke, Stuhlmeyer, Rosenthal, Tuchman, Ekstein.

Referee—Work. Umpire—Toor. Head Linesman—Groman.

WILLIAMSON ADDED TO FARM SCHOOL'S VICTIMS

At Home: October 16th, 1926.

The next stone to be crushed by our rolling Green and Gold cyclone was a much sought for victory, due to traditional reasons. Our team left the field well satisfied after scalping the Williamson Trade School to the tune of 38-0.

Although quarterback Stonitsch was out on account of injuries, "Muddy" Levine at that position did a very good job. Hoguet's superb forward passing was the outstanding feature of the day, while Captain Lynch pulled them out of the air with the ease of a magician.

"Bulldog" Friefeld and "Butch" Rosen were easily the mainstays of the line. Of course, Bernhard played his usual game, the kind all players love to see played. Cowen was to Williamson a second Chinese wall on the secondary defense.

The line-up:

W. T. S.	N. F. S.
Kline.....	left end.....Lynch (Capt.)
J. Smith.....	left tackle.....Rosen
MacDonald.....	left guard.....Myers
W. Smith (Capt.).....	center.....Lipman
Ballanger.....	right guard.....Bernhard
Boyd.....	right tackle.....Friefeld
Greenway.....	right end.....Elliott
Carlin.....	quarterback.....Levin
Howell.....	left halfback.....O'Rourke
Meul.....	right halfback.....Hoguet
Godshell.....	fullback.....Cowen

Touchdowns—Cowen, 3; Lynch, 3. Points after touchdowns—Lynch, 2.

Substitutes: N. F. S.—Horwitz, Fidelgoltz, Levin. Referee—Barker. Umpire—Work. Head Linesman—Toor.

FARM SCHOOL, 7; WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY, 7

At Home: October 23.

In one of the most thrilling football games ever held on the James Work Athletic Field, Farm School fought the strong veteran Wenonah Cadets to a standstill.

"Muddy" Levine's timely tackling coupled with the "do or die" spirit of the line in those last few minutes, were the factors in preventing Wenonah from scoring in the last quarter. With but two minutes to play and the ball on Farm School's 10-yard line, with four downs to make it, Farm School put up the best defensive battle ever seen on the gridiron around these vicinities.

The game started with Meyers kicking off to Wenonah's 20-yard line. McCarter brought the ball back five yards. Weno-

nah tried line plunges and could gain but five yards. On the third down, Wenonah attempted a forward pass which was intercepted by Hoguet, who returned the ball ten yards. On two plays a first down was made. Stonitsch was hurt on the play and was relieved by "Muddy" Levine at quarterback. A pass, Hoguet to Lynch, was completed which thrilled the crowd. It seemed impossible for Lynch to catch the ball, but with a quick turn "Joe" snatched the ball in mid-air and made one of the most spectacular catches ever seen. On the next play he took the ball on an end-around-end play and carried it to the 5-yard line. Another play and Horwitz made a touch down on an end run. Lynch kicked the goal for the extra point. Score: National Farm School, 7; Wenonah Military Academy, 0.

Meyers kicked off for Farm School and McCarter was stopped after taking a few steps, by "Muddy" Levine. Wenonah failed to gain through Farm School's superlative line and was forced to kick as the quarter ended. It was Farm School's ball on her own 30-yard line. Farm School returned the punt and Wenonah made three first downs in succession. "Capt." Lynch was hurt on one of the plays and Tunick replaced him at end. After another steady march by Wenonah, they scored a touchdown on an end run by Anglemoyer. He also scored the extra point. Score, 7-7. The half ended a few minutes later.

Anglemoyer kicked off for Wenonah and Farm School, unable to gain, punted to Wenonah's 40-yard line. After an exchange of punts it was Farm School's ball on Wenonah's 40-yard line. Wenonah intercepted a Farm School pass. On the first down Wenonah completed a long pass, placing the ball on Farm School's 20-yard line as the third quarter ended. Here is where Farm School showed their mettle. On three downs

Wenonah gained but three yards. On the fourth down they attempted a drop kick from the 30-yard line but it was blocked and Hortwitz caught the ball but was downed in his tracks. Farm School failed to gain and punted to the 40-yard line. On a series of end runs Wenonah brought the ball to the 9-yard line. On the first down Wenonah made five yards as the time was drawing near for the end of the game. Second down and four yards to go. Farm School fought like tigers. On three successive downs Wenonah gained but two yards. Farm School's ball on her own 2-yard line. Myers dropped back and punted out of danger as the whistle blew, ending one of the most sensational and exciting games ever seen.

The Line-up:

W. M. A.	N. F. S.
Coble.....left end.....	Lynch (Capt.)
Kirsh.....left tackle.....	Levin
Kelley.....left guard.....	Myers
G. Haffey.....center.....	Lipman
Peoples.....right guard.....	Bernhard
Enslada.....right tackle.....	Friefield
Rinas.....right end.....	Elliott
J. Haffey (Capt.).....quarterback.....	Stonitsch
Knecht.....left halfback.....	Hoguet
Anglemoyer.....right halfback.....	Horwitz
McCarter.....fullback.....	Cowen

Touchdowns—Horwitz, Anglemoyer. Points after touchdown—Lynch, Anglemoyer.

Referee—Barker. Umpire—Work. Head Linesman—Toor.

FARM SCHOOL TRAMPLES OVER

N. J. I. D., 58-0

At Home: October 30, 1926.

Stop, Look, Listen. No, not for the train, but for the wreck of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

"Muddy" Levine, our diminutive quarterback, started the works with a 45-yard run around New Jersey's left end, for a touchdown.

"Bud" Hoguet made the longest run of the day when he intercepted a pass and dashed sixty yards for a touchdown.

Fidelgoltz and Glazer, starting their first varsity game, played remarkably well, while "Faithful Eli Bernhard" played his same steady game and had a big part in smashing the New Jersey plays.

To end the day "Muddy" intercepted a forward pass on the last play of the game and raced forty yards for his second touchdown.

The Line-up:

N. J. I. D.	N. F. S.
Menhayer.....left end.....	Fidelgoltz
Egernazy.....left tackle.....	Friefield
Callellano.....left guard.....	Myers
Nusthae.....center.....	Lipman, Bachman
Snyder.....right guard.....	Bernhard
Reeds.....right tackle.....	Glazer, Friedland
Debasso.....right end.....	Elliott
Nichols.....quarterback.....	Levin
Coheler.....left halfback.....	Horwitz
Hoberman.....right halfback.....	Hoguet
Tabeona.....fullback.....	O'Rourke

Touchdowns—Hoguet, 3; Horwitz, 3; Levin, 3; Fidelgoltz, 1. Points after touchdowns—Myers, 2.

Referee—Work. Umpire—Barker. Head linesman—Toor.

FARM SCHOOL LOSES FOR FIRST TIME

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
November 6, 1926.

Farm School travelled to Wilmington, filled with confidence as a result of the season's showing to date and a fiery resolution to clean up the Salesianum Team. However, they were handed the surprise of their lives when the Salesianum team rolled up nineteen points in the final stanza to snatch a victory right out of Farm School's hands by the score of 19-14.

It was a bitter pill to swallow for all

those connected with the school, considering the fact that Farm School out-played their opponents for three quarters.

Farm School made their touchdowns by straight line smashing plays. One from the 70-yard drive and the other fifty yards. Salesianum made their touchdowns by forward passes and end runs.

Hoguet's superior line plunging gained the most ground for Farm School, while Stonitsch at Capt. Lynch's end post, performed creditably.

The Line-up:

S. H. S.	N. F. S.
Monohan.....left end.....	Stonitsch
Henley.....left tackle.....	Rosen
Manlore.....left guard.....	Myers
Donahoe.....center.....	Lipman
Fitzharris.....right guard.....	Bernhard
Dillon.....right tackle.....	Levin
Hallihan.....right end.....	Elliott
Butler, Connel.....quarterback.....	Levine
Hannigan.....left halfback.....	Horwitz
O'Conner.....right halfback.....	Hoguet
O'Donnell, Herlihy.....fullback.....	O'Rourke, Cowen

Touchdowns—Hoguet, Horwitz, Connel, Herlihy, 2. Goals after touchdowns—Myers, 2, Connel.

Referee—Bradley. Umpire—Toor. Head Linesman—Tears.

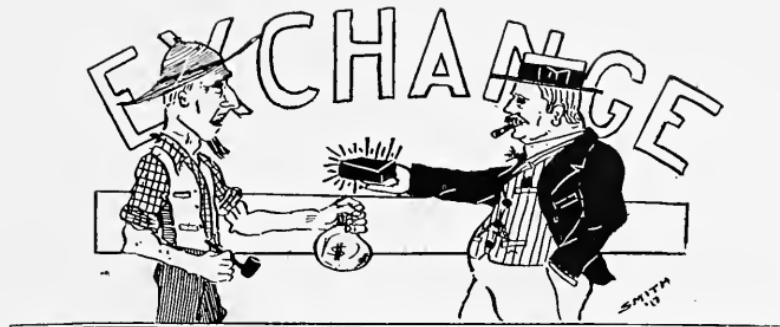
FARM SCHOOL STAGES BIG COMEBACK

At Home: November 13.

Full of determination to redeem themselves from their unexpected setback received at the hands of Salesianum the previous week, our warriors rode rough-shod over the Brown gridders, the game ending with a 34-0 score against them.

Although the whole team fought together and played a bang-up game, showing superb teamwork, credit must be given to Hoguet's consistent line plunges and passes, two of which were neatly executed for large gains by "Stud"

(Continued on page 28)



CARL J. SCHIFF, '27

WE HAVE been kept rather busy to date looking over our many "Exchanges" from our friends of old, and also a host of new acquaintances.

Gladly we acknowledge these and hopefully look forward to new editions.

COMMENTARY

Archive, Northeast High, Philadelphia, Pa.—Thoroughly enjoyed your magazine. Think you have good arrangement throughout.

The Oriole, Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.—A newcomer and one of our finest Exchanges. You have an interesting and well-planned publication. Let us hear from you again.

The Madiograph, Madison Junior High, Rochester, N. Y.—Welcome, little friend, you are doing well for a school of your size. You have a splendid cover. Would suggest more cuts in your departments.

Kapunahou, Oahu College, Honolulu, H. T.—We are always interested in a publication from over the seas, and read with much interest your "newsy" paper. Come again.

Mt. Airy World, P. I. D., Mt. Airy, Pa.—Hello, old friend, and welcome. We enjoy reading your Sports Department, very much. However, a few cuts would relieve the monotony.

Community Messenger, Y. M. H. A. Community Home, Trenton, N. J.—Your paper is really food for thought. Your "Life and Heart" stories and editorials were very interesting. Especially did we appreciate Adam Shaffer's original writing, "The Blood Transfusion."

The Torch, Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.—Howdy, neighbor, and welcome. We hope to see you often this year. You have some good amateur poets. Your Literary Department is well filled. However, don't you think you have too much waste space?

The High School Record—Camden High School, Camden, N. J.—Interesting from cover to cover. Your "Entre Nous" is an interesting and well done department. Cartoon entitled "Our Program" was well depicted.

A FEW COMMENTS ON THE GLEANER

We like your page heads and reading matter. Would suggest that in order to

relieve monotony, you print your shorter poems in Italics. More power to THE GLEANER, it's a mighty fine book.—*The Wisconsin Octopus*, U. of W., Madison, Wisconsin.

An excellent magazine in every sense. You have written up your "Farming Items," which are usually dry to outsiders, so well that we enjoyed them very much. *The Item*, Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

EXCHANGE JOKES

First Hunter—"Kill anything?"

Second Hunter—"Not a thing. Wish I had gone motoring instead."

—*Exchange*.

(?)—"Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"

Fritz—"Yes, darling, and the nicest."

—*Exchange*.

Young Man—"I want your daughter for my wife."

Girls' father—"You go home and tell your wife she can't have my daughter."

—*High School Record*.

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"About a man getting a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you doing that for?"

"Put it in my pocket."—*The Archive*.

"Flo," said mother sternly, "do you know what becomes of naughty little girls?"

"Yeth mama," answered Flo, "They grow up and has dates every night."

—*The Community Messenger*.

Green—"Waiter there's a button in my soup."

Waiter (ex-printer) — "Typographical error sir; it should have been mutton."

—*The Archive*.

IN CHICAGO

"Look, mother there's a hold-up."

"Yes dear, but don't point. It's very rude."—*Exchange*.

Jimmy—"Transfer please?"

Conductor—"Where to?"

Jimmy—"Can't tell you. It's a surprise party."

First Society Woman—"That's my baby we just passed."

Second S. W.—"How could you tell?"

First S. W.—"I recognized the nurse."

—*The High School Record*.

Daughter—"Look at the funny man across the road."

Mother—"What is he doing?"

"Sitting on the pavement, talking to a banana peel."





ALUMNI

D. V. BRANDT, '27

To enable the alumni to keep in touch with one another, we have found it advisable to print the following list, hoping that the alumni members and undergraduates will take advantage of it.

1901. MORRIS LEIBOWITZ, 8798 21st Ave., Brooklyn, N. J.

HARRY WEINBERG, Care American Sumatra, Quincy, Florida.

SOLOMON PIZER, 23 Eighth Street, New Dorp, Staten Island, New York.

1902. LOUIS BURD, 1009 N. Cliveden Ave., Germantown, Penna.

JACK GOLDMAN, 821 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

1903. GEO. S. BOROVICK, 4805 Armitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1904. JACOB TAUBENHAUS, College Station, Texas.

BERNARD ZALINGER, 5024 Forrestville Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1905. JACOB RALNER, 13th and Spring Garden Street, Phila., Penna.

DAVID SERBEE, 3509 Baring Street, Phila., Penna.

1906. PHILIP KRINSMAN, Chram, New Jersey.

BERNARD OSTROLENK, Dean, National Farm School, Farm School, Penna.

HENRY RUTNER, R. F. D., No. 1, Norristown, Penna.

1907. VICTOR ANDERSON, Santaga, Pa.
ABE MILLER, America Bulb Co., 172 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1908. MAX FLEISHER, Englewood Farm, Gordonsville, Va.

SAMUEL RUDLEY, 52 S. 60th St., Phila., Penna.

ISAAC STERN, 160 N. 4th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALPHONSE SCHLESINGER, 1733 Cleo Street, New Orleans, La.

1909. HARRY D. NAUM, 90 Samuel Caplan, 78 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

LOUIS OSTROLENK, 81 Helwig Ave., Gloversville, N. Y.

JOSEPH RATNER, R. F. D., No. 1, Norristown, Penna.

1910. MORRIS BLACKMAN, 5212 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

HARRY LEBESON, 1407 W. Philadelphia Street, Detroit, Michigan. U. S. Bureau of Animal Husbandry.

EMANUEL MALIS, Santa Barbara Seed Co., 818 State Street, Santa Barbara, Calif.

1911. SYLVAN EINSTEIN, 301 Landis Ave., Vineland, N. J.

BENJ. GOLDBERG, 924 N. Lambert St., Philadelphia, Penna.

MORRIS M. MOSKOWITZ, Care Erbstein Estate, Villa Alivia, Elgin, Ill.

1912. BENJ. DRUKERMAN, 50 Canal Street New York, N. Y.

Harry L. Lubin, 418 W. 145 Street, New York, N. Y.

MORRIS SALINGER, Resistencia, Argentine, South America.

1913. MORRIS WOLVWICK, Chalfont, Pa.
 JAMES WORK, 3215 N. 13th Street,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 BENJ. HARRISON, 8590 Joseph Campan,
 Detroit, Mich.

1914. ALBERT FREID, R. F. D., No. 2,
 Vermilion, Ohio.
 JACOB RASKIN, 2428 S. Orkney Street,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 FRED WEIGEL, Waddington Farm,
 Wheeling, W. Va.
 HYMAN WOLF, 22 Rochester Ave.,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

1915. FRANK M. SELIGMAN, 2010 Ocean
 Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 MAX SEMEL, 90 Grand Street, New
 York, N. Y.

1916. CHAS. ABRAMS, 438 N. 7th Street,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 JOSEPH ELLNER, 200 Fifth Ave., New
 York, N. Y.
 SAM DORFMAN, Box 12, Deans, N. J.

1916. NATHAN MAGRAN, 125 Division
 Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1917. SOLOMON ADLER, 960 Kelly Street,
 Bronx, N. Y.
 SAMUEL ERDE, 174 Monroe Street,
 New York, N. Y.
 CHAS. H. JACKSON, 5712 Keystone St.,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 BENJ. SMITH, 2050 Pitkin Ave., Brook-
 lyn, N. Y.

1918. ISAAC BECKER, 3246 N. Newkirk
 Street., Philadelphia, Penna.
 RICHARD H. BOYES, 2209 N. 8th Street,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 MORRIS MAYER, Farm School, Penna.
 ABE SHERMAN, 507 Pine Street, Phila-
 delphia, Penna.

1919. SAMUEL GREENBERG, 629 Ritner
 Street, Philadelphia, Penna.
 JOHN HAHNE, 1405 S. 5th Street,
 Fargo, N. Dakota.
 MAX SEGAL, 11 Spruce Street, Worces-
 ter, Mass.

1920. ISADORE BRAUNSTEIN, 355 Eare
 Street, New Bedford, Mass.
 JULIUS BRODIE, 220 W. Court Street,
 Doylestown, Penna.
 NATHAN BROMBERG, 2445 N. 31st
 Street, Philadelphia, Penna.
 S. B. BRUNWASSER, 1424 Colwell St.,
 Pittsburgh, Penna.

1921. S. COOPER, Box 291, R. F. D., No.
 2, Lynchburg, Va.
 EDGAR E. HESCH, 3421 Woodland Ave.,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 IRVING SILVERMAN, R. F. D., No. 1,
 Box 321, Van Nuys, Cal.

1922. CASPER BLUMER, 90 F. E. Goodar,
 Richmond, Mich.
 DAVID AUKBURG, 5847 Hoffman Ave.,
 Philadelphia, Penna.
 SIMON COHEN, 59 Winter Street, Wor-
 cester, Mass.
 SAMUEL FLEISHMAN, 618 E. 135th
 Street, Bronx, N. Y.
 HARRY KRISHER, 541 Putnam Ave.,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.

1923. DAVID FRATER, Truly Warner
 Hat Shop, Philadelphia, Penna.
 HERBERT GOLDICH, 607 W. Upsal
 Street, Philadelphia, Penna.
 JACOB MALKIN, 54 N. 3rd Street,
 Easton, Penna.
 JOSEPH MASTER, R. F. D., No. 1,
 Yantic, Conn.

1924. SIDNEY J. MICHAEL, 127 City
 Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.
 ABE D. SHEVITZ, 526 Belmont Ave.,
 Detroit, Mich.
 MORRIS OSTROLENK, Cornell Uni-
 versity, Ithaca, N. Y.
 ELLSBURY ELLIOT, County Agent Fed-
 eral Building, Mount Clement, Mich.

1925. SAM ROSEMAN, Box 4, Halts,
 Florida.
 MACK GOLDSTEIN, 206 W. Beaver,
 Jacksonville, Fla.

(Continued on page 29)



WILLIAM WOLFSON, '27

"THE CLASS OF '27"

SLOWLY the hours of daylight are lessening, the leaves are falling, covering the ground with a soft carpet, the air grows chill, reminding one ever forcefully that winter is approaching. All this, we seniors will have seen for our last time as students of good old N. F. S.

Yea, Seniors, the day draws nigh when we commence the battle of life to make a success of our chosen calling.

In these our last few, fast passing months, let us all stick together and remember later on in life our good comrades of Twenty-Seven.

All our loose threads are now being gathered preparatory to that one big event of February 22, 1927 GRADUATION.

CARL SCHIFF, *Secretary.*

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

"Why," do you ask, "Is the A. A. store broke, Bernhard getting bald, the Strand Theater empty, Yankowitz girlless at dances, Graffman wearing rubber soles, the office cashing no checks, class and club dues not being paid, many Juniors going ragged and many more going still more ragged, Carl Green lurking in corners, Bill Weiss out of postage stamps, Dornbusch breaking Philadelphia dates, and the whole Junior Class excited? Why?"

"Oh, that is easy! Just look on any Junior's hand after December 16."

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

The annual football banquet in honor of the team which was sponsored by the Freshman class on the night of October

1st, 1926, was the best and most elaborate ever held in the school.

At the last class meeting a constitution was adopted. At the same time new class officers were elected as follows:

President, Rosenzweig; Vice-President, O'Rourke; Secretary, Peschken; Treasurer, Weissman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Fidelgoltz; Councilman, Ruch.

The Freshman Class is well represented on the football team.

"COOTIE" PESCHKEN, '29,
Secretary.

THE VETERINARY SOCIETY

Due to the lively interest shown by the students toward Veterinary work there was need of an organization to benefit these students, and to further their interests in that line. Hence, there was successfully launched on Tuesday, October 12th, 1926, the new and elite Veterinary Society.

Extensive tours have been planned to the Blue-blood stables, Colleges and various institutions throughout the State, which will prove valuable to the members.

Doctor Massinger, instructor of Veterinary Science, gratefully accepted the position as Managing Director of the Society. Dave Wilan was then chosen President, and Archie Cohen Vice-President. Rosenzweig was elected as the demon "shekel" collector, and Ruch was handcuffed to the Secretary's job.

Henceforth, we take this opportunity to extend to all students interested, an invitation to join us.

D. RUCH, '29,
Secretary.

ORCHESTRA

At last the orchestra is all set for the fall season. After their extensive tour throughout Doylestown, they have settled down.

Through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Campbell, the orchestra now sports the "niftiest" blazers in the County of Bucks. They are a two-colored affair of green and white.

The orchestra has arranged quite a few musicales for this Fall and Winter. We hope that these little affairs will meet with approval from the student body. We have also arranged for entertainment by individual members of the orchestra at the assemblies.

At the last dance the orchestra offered quite a variety of entertainment in the line of songs and comedy sketches. Any suggestions for entertainment will be greatly appreciated by the orchestra.

L. ROSENZWEIG, '29.

Rosenzweig—"Why all the chin music, Kid?"

Tankage—"Boo, hoo, I lost my wad."

Rosy—"That's tough, how much was in it?"

Tankage—"One Red Man and two Beechnut."

Visitor—"Rather exclusive school?"

Frosh—"You said it. Even the waiters don't talk to one another."

Muggsy—"I never saw such dreamy eyes."

She—"You never stayed so late."

SCIENTIFIC KICKS

At our last meeting many new suggestions were brought up, chief among which was the petition to the faculty to grant us a Charter.

We hope to increase our membership a great deal from the lists of the senior and junior classes before February 1927.

One of our members, William R. Powell, had to leave us and has become an alumnus of the Society.

Those wishing to gain knowledge of entrance requirements to this club may see the President, Sam Price, or the Secretary.

We hope to see a banner year in scholastic work.

D. WILAN, '27,
Secretary.

THE COCKERELS

Membership in the "Cockerels" is rapidly increasing, due to the unlimited amount of opportunities which this club offers.

One of our recent achievements was the trip to the Sesqui, under the guidance of Mr. Plain, to see the poultry exhibit. Besides being one of the largest of its kind in the United States, it was also one of the most interesting.

Many new varieties of chickens and ducks were on exhibition. The most modern and up-to-date incubators and brooders were also on display. Mr. Plain explained the functions and advantages of these machines. We were then introduced to one of the foremost poultrymen in the United States, Mr. H. Lewis, the author of our poultry text-book.

We hope to make several other trips of this kind in the near future, and hope that many more students will be able to enjoy them.

JOE LYNCH, '28,
Secretary.

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN FOOTBALL CANDIDATE

(With apologies to Trichon)

Monday—Went out for the team today.

I am sure I shall like it. The coach is so quaint! He speaks a jargon all his own.

Tuesday—Had my first real workout today. The coach was not as encouraging as he might have been. It seems as if I missed a man when I should have hit him, or something like that. The coach puns so unexpectedly. It seems as if the ball is leather and he terminated his remarks by adding that he thought my head was leather. Fancy that!

Wednesday—I was so mortified today. I made a fumble, as they term it. This is no more nor less than allowing the ball to sail through my hands, when it was my turn to receive it. Mr. Coach or "Coach" as we are getting to call him, was SO patient. He didn't utter a word. However, some of the boys think this is a bad sign.

Thursday—I didn't play today. Mr. Coach requested ME to stay on the sidelines and watch the others. He was so nice about it that I just couldn't refuse. I chatted pleasantly with him for a while and then went home. A rather easy day, I should say.

Friday—The Coach was very angry when I didn't remember whether I played L. H. B. or F. B. As if one can be expect to learn all those football terms at once. Frankly, I am beginning to think that I shall not like football.

Saturday—The Coach showed his interest in me by recommending me to the Golf Coach. He insists that I am built for Golf. He further said he would consider it a personal favor if I went out for that sport. It is my duty to my school, moreover, to help her in the way nature intended I should. Perhaps I shall go out for the team next year. *Who Knows?*

STONITSCH, '28.

Staff
Ed. You know
Bus. Mgr.
You think
you know.

THE UNPOPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE

Wrenched Out Once a Month

June DX

DECEMBER, 2619

Weather Not

Crowds Bored to Death

Ham Hamuels Hands the Ham

(Special Dispatch by Rowboat)

Monday, October 35, Ham Hamuels delivered a soul-stirring address at Malakoff Hall, in Vauxtown, to an eager band of young mothers. The topic of Mr. Hamuels' talk was "How To Raise Children They Don't Raise H—l."

Among the many helpful hints given in his talk, the most outstanding was his advice to others having over inquisitive children.

"When my children fire mature questions at me," stated the orator, "I tell them exactly what I know. In this way I keep them in total ignorance."

During the question period he remarked that in his opinion Peaches was entirely too young a child to be married, and if he were in Daddy Browning's place, he would have taken the little dear to raise.

Last Minute News

Horwitz hops in from Cleveland to start quarter at Farm School.
We for the soil is blamed for his return.

ichon after new laurels on gridiron.

GREAT MYSTERY AT FARM SCHOOL
Fifteen detectives hired to solve the great
mystery of the Disappearing Tops of Salt
ers.
great shakedown is expected

ACCIDENTS

Cohn stumbles over tree stump and breaks his whip.

niors receive corduroy suits before
January 1.

EXTRA

JOHN KAHN LEAVES FARM TO JOIN
COUNTRYMAN

J. Kahn astounded the entire community today when he announced that he was leaving the farm where he spent his happy youth to join his countryman in Greenhouse Row, where the fires always burn, and Golden Rakes are used.

As a ninth-hour appeal numerous protests from many notables will be used in an effort to stop him.



A mechanic they made him and
He struggled along like a sain
But the kid thought exhaust
disease
And ignition a liver complain

He thought that a share was a
loan,
And a moldboard a carpenter's
A spike tooth he thought was a pr
And carbon deposit, a bank.

His farm mechanism continued to work. Someone thought he'd gone to the country. So now Sammy Sam is quite popular again. Take this tip—Be no more than

WANTED

Man to meet me in Willow
Saturday and Sunday night. M

ITS FOR MECHANICS

From
PROFESSOR THROWRENCHIE'S
Book Entitled
"Why I Know My Wrenches"

hen starting a tractor never lose
per. Keep Kool.

the tractor refuses to start, hit it
wrench. This ought to make an
a.

ver swear, Gentlemen don't do it.
don't like it.

fix a fouled spark plug wash its
th soap.

fix a broken tractor buy a new one.



FOR SALE

1 Ford 1910 Model

airs. Almost as good as new.
own, the rest on liberal terms.

See John Plain.

UMERFARM THEATER

To-NITE

Jake Meigham

in

The Unshocked Cornfield

RA ADDED ATTRACTION

Two Reel Comedy
ony Shaves His Eyebrows

SPORTS

Sal Hootch's Outlaws Run Crazy



Crychon of the Preserves, being tackled by Crysqueal
and O'Cohen of the Outlaws.

Bucks County stellar gridiron attraction took place Sunday, November 14, when Sal Hootch's Outlaw eleven held the veteran Rational Frame School Preserves to a 0-0 deadlock.

Although the Preserves fought hard, and their coach, George Schmooly, was permitted to coach them right on the field, it was of no avail.

Coach Schmooly got desperate when things began to look blue, and referee Jonathon Cohen started to gyp them; so he entered his famous left mudguard Nervin Z. Crychon, formerly of the Frankfurt Bellyjackets, but realizing his mistake, he immediately withdrew him to save him for the coming fray with D. I. P. Two of the Preserve's stars were very much indisposed after the game and had to recuperate for a few days. One was Million Beat Foolman, an old hand of Mary Sag's Scream and Scold Trampers.

The other was Sprang, their shiftle breakback.

Some of the outstanding stars Outlaws were Capt. Crysqueal from the Big Scream and Scold Windstons; other was Yap Supposenjib, popularly by the fans as Bullet Head. Due to scarcity of togs, Mgr. Sal Hootch ran himself from the game to enable the be used by Marchie O'Cohen to do crushing act.

The Outlaws pnshed the porkskin and the opponents 20-yard line a half-times, but Scoldberg's toe failed to score them. Referee Cohen informed Cr that the boxing tournament will be next year, but Crysqueal insisted that going was essential.

It might be of interest to state that the Silver Bros. received a salary running five figures for testing the new shock football togs of the Scalding Co., which used in that game.

HAVE U HEARD IT?

A-HA

KOKAWNAWTS

Boy, Boy, Boy, some song. On sale now by
Rosenpuds & Co.



UNCLE SILVER'S HEALTH NO.

Do you suffer from Headaches

A walk on the state road will cure



In the Good Old Days

IT WAS during the summer of 1930 at N. F. S. when a '25 Graduate was noticed on the veranda of Lasker Hall. It was evident that he had come to visit his Alma Mater. He looked for some one to speak to and hailed a youth in pink flannels with a tassled cap upon his curly head. "Hey there, mutt, find Coach Samuels and tell him that an old grad wants to see him. Hurry up now, or I'll take drastic action and paddle you like I used to paddle the other dumb mutts in the days of Skaist's ingrown mustache." The young chap turned slowly around and nonchalantly examined the '25-er with that superior attitude of amused contempt; then lazily inquired, "Were you speaking to me?" Jake Borshiek had the "rep" of winging the nastiest paddle in his class. He flushed and again tried to bulldoze the freshman. But to no avail. The young chap turned on his heel and sauntered slowly away, leaving a highly indignant alumnus, full of anger. Borshiek inquired the way to the Coach's room and there, in terms that no one could misunderstand, he demanded to know the reason for this insult—nay he called it worse than that.

Mr. Samuels listened to his grievances. He seemed old and care-worn, the graying temples and the nervous manner in which he smoked his cigar signified the first appearance of premature old age. Smoking a few minutes before replying he finally said: "Jake, things have changed a lot since you graduated. It was a dandy school back in our day, but now it's getting me, I'm afraid. Nowadays you never see fellows even thinking of a raid, or playing association. Instead, today they

gently send in a petition to have Saturday morning off because they claim they have 'Insufficient time to dress for the appointments they usually make for Saturday evening.' Can you beat that? And do you know the cause for all this? Women! Yes, women, gosh, how I hate them. Co-eds, in the three years they have been in this school have changed it from a decent hard-hitting school to a place for mollycoddles, and sissified infants."

"Why the upper-classmen treat the freshmen like gentlemen and their request for class distinction is that the freshman wear caps to distinguish them from 'upper-classmen' and the freshies chose blue and pink caps." The grad was so surprised he had nothing but sympathy for N. F. S. Soon they began to tell of old times, and many and loud were the laughs that echoed from the Coach's apartment. The Coach asked Jake to stay for supper, but Jake declined after one look at the amorous couples strolling about the campus. He soon left the school a sadder and much wiser graduate of the Class of '25.

About two months later he was introduced to a travelling salesman and, upon hearing his name, inquired whether he had ever been a student at N. F. S. "Farm School," said Jake. "Yes, I've been there," but that was before it was Co-ed. That's why I'm a he-man instead of a baby blue-eyed Jazz hound.

EDWARD MAYER, '28.

Moral—Graduate before the co-eds get here.

F. S. O. of W. H.
(Farm School Order of Women Haters.)

ODE TO THE WINS

By WILLIAM WOLFSON, '27

The Wins one day strolled to town,
Just to take a look around;
To see what they could get in town
For just about one-quarter down.

While passing by Ford Dealer Wise,
They were taken by surprise,
And before they could surmise,
A Ford was shoved before their eyes.

Their cash they put down, quite whole-
hearted,
And then their little Ford they started;
In they climbed into their Ford,
And rode away just like lords.

Some six months have since parted,
And now they sit quite broken-hearted,
For their payments now are due,
Will someone tell them what to do?

Then in the dealer came from town,
Asking for his little "down";
But when his plea was turned right down
The little Ford went back to town.

Now a memoriam has been implied,
Upon which thusly is inscribed:
"From the firm of Win and Win
We sadly miss our little tin."

Hoguet—"Where do bugs go in
winter?"

Myers—"Search me."

Semel—"I wonder if the famer's dog
is home?"

Bulldog—"I'll bite."

CAMPUS NEWS

LESSONS IN PSYCHOLOGY

Lesson No. 1—Getting something by
use of the Yes mood.

Silver (approaching Dean)—"Well,
we're all through husking."

Dean—"Yes—"

Silver—"Remember at the beginning
of November we thought we wouldn't
be through by Thanksgiving?"

Dean—"Yes—"

Silver—"Well, here we are done a week
before we expected."

Dean—"Yes—"

Silver—"We had good weather, and I
suppose that helped us to get through."

Dean—"Yes—"

Silver—"It's getting cold now."

Dean—"Yes—"

Silver—"Well, then can I have my
corduroy suit now?"

Dean—"NO—"

Moral—He should have used Psy-
chology.

Mooney claims that he never harmed
an onion, so why should they make him
cry.

Dornbusch thinks that a guest of honor
is one who doesn't steal the silverware.

EDWARD ROBERTS

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ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 16)

Elliot, who also played a stellar game at end. Quarterback Stonitsch filled the team with plenty of fight; and if they play the same brand of football Thanksgiving, which was exhibited in this game, we cannot help but beat our ancient rivals, P. I. D.

The Line-up:

B. P.	N. F. S.
Borden, Verna.....left end.....	Fidelgoltz
Cootz.....left tackle.....	Levin, Glazer
Adams.....left guard.....	Myers
Arsonson.....center.....	Lipman
Scatterwaite.....right guard.....	Bernhard
Boom.....right tackle.....	Rosen
MacDonald.....right end.....	Elliott
Elgart.....quarterback.....	Stonitsch
George.....left halfback	Horwitz, Strang
Glockner.....right halfback.....	Houquet
Palaise.....fullback.....	Cowen
Touchdowns—Houquet, Cowen, Horwitz, 3.	
Points after touchdown—Horwitz, Myers, 3.	
Referee—Work; Umpire—Barker.	

DISILLUSION

(Continued from page 8)

eyes had been searching for Gwen. She had changed, this much he saw as she walked slowly toward him, and had he noticed he would have seen a diamond solitaire adorning her left hand; but love is blind and all he could see was Gwen—HIS Gwena—coming toward him. Impulsively, as she had done in days of yore, she kissed him. His spirits rose in leaps and bounds—his to have and to hold. As he bent to kiss her he was immediately conscious of the oppressive

stillness that held every one in its grip. He straightened out and saw that Gwen was entirely ignorant of his intentions. The strained silence was broken by the voice of Mrs. Pierce, Arnold's mother, who in a cracked manner said, "Really, Gwen, you shouldn't do that." This was the crisis, and Arnold held his breath while his eyes pleaded his cause with Gwen. She, however, with a gesture, ruffled Arnold's hair, and said with an impatient air, "But my dear Mrs. Pierce, he's just an overgrown baby with the cutest moustache I ever saw." Arnold's ears were burning and his tiny world was crumbling before his very eyes. "And besides," continued Gwen, "I'm engaged you see." Arnold stood downcast, wondering just how little a hole it would take to bury him. Gwen, turning again to Arnold, said with a little laugh, "And what are you going to do with yourself now?" This was the moment that he had planned for, this was the time that he was going to be a combination of Daniel Webster and Romeo. The irony of it struck him with full force and he laughed harshly. Where was that speech he had so carefully planned and so painstakingly rehearsed? Where was Romeo? and Webster? Yes, where were they? A wave of self-pity swept over him. Gone was his ambition, gone was his love and the worst part was the realization of what a fool he had been. Once more Gwen asked him, "Are you day-dreaming, old top? I was speaking to you. What are you going to do now?"

"Me?" returned Arnold, "I'm going to sign a contract to go to The Virgin Islands where I'll see a white person once in seven years; so let's eat, drink and make merry, for tomorrow we die."

EDWIN MAYER, '28.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 20)

SAMUEL KAPLER, 660 Williams Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WAEREN RINNENBERG, 1686 Monroe Ave., New York, N. Y.

1926. M. GROSSFIELD, Care Montessori Camp, Wycombe, Penna.

LEON KAPLAN, Willon Gute Fram, Princeton, N. J.

EVERET WILSON, Care Ira Hartz Elverson, R. F. D., No. 8, Penna.

CLIFTON DOREMUS, Care Walker Gordon Farms, Plainsboro, N. J.

LOUIS SANTORIA, 4543 La Page Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

LOUIS RUMMEL, Clarksville, N. Y.

NATHAN BROWN, 1021 Green Street, Harrisburg, Penna.

Due credit should be given to these Alumni members who have been out to root for Farm School.

1923. LEO. A. BENNETT, Thistlewolde Farm, Hatboro, Penna.

JACOB WEINER, 254 E. Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, Pa.

1911. HARRY H. RUBINSTEIN, 1225 Snyder Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.

1916. ARTHUR S. LEVENTOW, Glenside Drug Co., Glenside, Penna.

1908. SAMUEL RUDLEY, 52 S. 60th St., Philadelphia, Penna.

The dumbest freshman this year was the one who took a yardstick to bed with him to see how long he could sleep.

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AGRICULTURAL

(Continued from page 11)

Larches were used to complete the front planting of that building.

The Nursery has been enlarged; and the extra land will be used to line out spring cuttings. There will be about 50,000 different varieties of evergreen.

With the coming of cold weather the season for cuttings will open. The Department hopes to fill up all the cold-frames to their capacity with cuttings.

Mr. Schmeider—"Where is the dew found?"

Eaglebeak—"In due time."

Mr. S.—"That will do."

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